



Oppenheimer
Blackbunn
Abrams
etal.

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5000

CUCHULAIN CUCHULAIN CUCHULAIN CUCHULAIN

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ms. shld be sent, with love, & self addressed,
stamped envel. to: Cuchulain/ c/o M. G. Stephens/
229 E 10th St./ Apt. 14/ N. Y. C. 10003

no. 1 of one, Scotia poetry sheet, i.e. Irish American
in the sense of Red Branch system, whereby poet was
above King in Erin

cover design by: Diane Sanders

for jackie

remember how socrates
trundled his perceptions heavily
to the marketplace each morning and then
refused to sell any:
it seems anyone
can play the blues these days
or some facsimile.
it's tiring even to wake up
in one woman's arms
and fall asleep
in another's.

-Jerrold Greenberg

THE SURPRISE

the surprise of final return
is to find her bathing
in anticipation
among the noise of heavy water
slowly falling she soaps
her breast and neck and a small
blue mark on her shoulder

-Burt Kimmelman

to john wieners

these men i've kissed
and wrestled love from,
satisfied the spirit
of the act,
but not the drama of
weighing down weight
;the tension of fucking
springs to.

-Tom Weatherly, jr.

bebop and butterflies

there's more to it than we have seen
more than just (days and nights)

bebop and butterflies

me lying above you

and you

sometimes above me

there's more to it

we tell each other

my love lying nude

Jerrold Greenberg

THE ARTIST

Wm. Carlos Williams' artist,

Mr. T

("with an entrechat

perfectly achieved")

and on his very front lawn

dared disturb the universe!

He won an applause from Williams'

mother

from her invalid's chair

I try and sometimes never get off the ground
never know which end is up.

I'm probably not Icarus, or an invalid, but
there's this helplessness, this despair of

having failed

or, as an artist in my own way,

having successfully 'completed the figure'
without disturbing anything.

-Scott Cohen

1 1/2 (for gs/rd "men who mean good"

my friends stand up bitter
taste of this country on their
faces of mankind still
a monster animal
grace hidden all
wearing barbarian pants
short hair mark of slave
or prussian

a narrative preoccupation politics
creep into everyones poetry the
reputation of the spotted hyena
is being rehabilitated you son
of a bitch you are so beautiful how
have you managed to fuck up
so many things

the shit is thoroughly mixed in
with the sand beachcombing is an honorable
profession on all coasts
solitary men with shovel & sack
pieces of screen baskets salvage
what they can small change lost
on crowded hot afternoons

the wall is needed to keep the
sand from returning to the sea
the fence is needed to keep
people from injuring themselves
play ball only in designated areas

every seven years roughly
the lemming cycle hence
gyrfalcons & the snowy owl
a "heap of dirty laundry
great flights late november to january
'60 '67 vicinity of garbage dumps &
beaches it is supposed that
the majority never make it back

Sam Abrams

TWO SONGS FOR THE OPP THAT WAS

1. Stay drunk!
 that's my motto .
 Then you'll never have to know
 if the girl love you or no
 (hee hee hee
 nor will she

2. Play gui-
 tar, go to the bar
 hope there's one hand will caress
 and undress
 But pints to go
 before you sleep
 (har, har,
 nobody care.

Paul Blackburn

Love Poem

If you need attention,
Take it.
But know it for just that.
Know,
That is why the attention is there--
Why I agree to it.

--What pioneer
Staked this much
With a whoop
And knew it to be that good
He layed open the ground and built
Neither fence post nor rail
To lock it in.
The land gets in a man/s blood
To raise it up,

fence it in,
keep its beauty,
isolated.

That a man can't live his life
The way the land could teach him--
To build no fence; let roots stretch and grow
Beyond abstract
 (as life as flower, straining toward
 what ray of sun?
And love
 What more than
 What is there to do together.
To recognize this--
 flower; its stem,
 seed of its own. Sun;
 its ray,
Is all)

If you need care,
The flat land open,
Dams bursting, accept it
I mean,
That I agree to it,
Rails pulled out
And so much
At stake

Ronald Edson

THE MORNING AFTER

Wednesday, November 8, 1966

okay all you crass cocksuckers in
queens, and all you alabama cow
fuckers, and you christ-struck
faggots in california, you
got your dream, and now
we can forget our god-head.

andy jackson and tom jefferson better
forgive you, nobody else can. you've
sold your freedom to the first
man came along to be your saviour,
you don't even see the country
oozing out from under. well,
like ronald reagan said about the
california state lands if you've seen
one tree you've seen em all --

look,
it's not only that the niggers don't
count, it's that the bill of rights
don't count, democracy don't count,
morality don't count, decency, care,
concern, thought, life, and sundry
other minor affairs don't either.

it's that this city now has the
possibility of being a police state --that's
where the rub is, like hitler, you just
pass a law to make it legal. easy as
pie, and who cares where the country
went, the whole damned idea, the whole
thing we claim we're fighting for
over there.

man is born free and
everywhere he puts himself in chains.
everywhere he asks for it, says take me,
stick it in my ass, break my balls,
and opens his mouth when they piss on him.

let us pray.

Tough Kid with a Poem

fight

I broke my nose in
are strange gaps
though everyone
thinks you tough
for the visible badge-
with luck
you make an evening dialogue, say
That jive mother was lucky
I almost let all hell hang loose
bopped him upside the head.

& the blasphemy
to your character. a brawler?
a poet who lost more fights
than Shakespeare had sonnets.

Pull up your zipper
& get off this block.
Us Black Dragons don't dig
no poets-

They're caught, I reason.
Two negatives make for a positive
poet. They dig me.

Now I'm two fisted, tight grip
across brass iambs, poems
like a street brawl.

What dyno, jive Willy.

What everlasting strength
in the line & forearm.

Since I bought a typewriter
& am writing long poems.

Positive phrases make
for combinations.

The only Paterson I know
is an ex-heavyweight.

Move the manuscript to the corner,
Carlos.

No more paraphrase
for this kid.

Only brass iambs, combinations
quick, as the champ's left cross, solid.
You teach me poetry, Muhammad.
I'll show you to box.
No more jitterbug roll, Carlos.

I'm tough & oh god
am I scared.

Addendum for the leaders: LBJ/ CIA/ FBI, et al.

May the grass grow at your door
& the fox build his nest on your hearthstone.
May the light fade from your eyes,
So you never see what you love.
May your own blood rise against you,
& the sweetest drink you take
Be the bitterest cup of sorrow.
May you die without benefit of the clergy;
May there be none to shed a tear
At your grave
And may the hearthstone of hell
Be your best bed forever-

Traditional Wexford Curse

abt. the authors as poets: jerrold greenberg is one
of founding members of PLPT...bert kimmelman lives &
gets high, upstate n. y....tom weatherly likes mush...
scott cohen is a nice jewish boy...sam abrams would
like some aculpuco gold...Paul blackburn is off on
a grant...ron edson is one of founding members of PLPT
...joel oppenheimer would like a frog...m. g. stephens
is a nice irish kid...

